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Deadline: 2024-04-21

*(But contact us if you can't submit by this date, and we'll do what we can!)*

**Please structure submissions as follows:**

Filename: [Character Name] - [Your Name]

File Type: .mp3 preferred

### **THIS IS A PAID JOB!**

*We believe that voice actors should be paid for their work. We're not pretending we can afford to pay the preferred rates of every voice actor out there, but no-one works for free!*

Rates to be negotiated with the successful candidates.

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## **Shaun Hardcastle - Male, 50s**

*Commanding, Privileged, Dismissive*

Although he would see himself as a self-made man, he was born into a rich family which has owned the company Hardcastle Haulage for centuries. He only had to beat his siblings, uncles and cousins to become CEO, but he sees that as a major achievement.

The company is one of the seven most powerful in the Consortium, and controls logistics and shipping across all of the solar systems that make up the interstellar civilisation.

He has recently been ousted from control of his company by what he sees as a coup, when extensive smuggling across his network came to light. He intends to take back his company by improving his media image.

With the help of just one computer technician and a starship he kept off the books, he hopes to prove that he's always been the right choice to lead the company... and still is.

**SHAUN:** Ugh... [the noise he makes as he stretches his neck for the morning after a long sleep]

**SHAUN:** What's fucked today, Lukas?

**LUKAS:** *Actually, everything's green. The delay near Garden Station didn't happen; they managed to clear away the wreckage of that yacht in time.*

**SHAUN:** The Vilithii did something on time? I expected they would be too busy singing.

**LUKAS:** *Casual racism! I knew that I stayed with you for more than your sense of humour!*

[Shaun growls]

**SHAUN:** Get back to work.

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*[Grandstanding for a public broadcast]*

**SHAUN:** Many of you will already know my voice.

**SHAUN:** I am Shaun Hardcastle, the supposed bogeyman, the stories of whom have been terrorising your children for years. If I had wanted destruction, I could have caused it at any time: I have been in control of *vast* resources for Hardcastle Haulage for the last two years.

**SHAUN:** My sons, the current, and incompetent, Chief Executives of Hardcastle Haulage, have been aware of my activities during that time. They have been happy simply to profit from the results of my work, rather than look too closely into who "Ratatoskr" really was.

**SHAUN:** Why do I want to return? The answer is simple: I did not do what I was accused of, and this is not my "family"'s company, it's *mine*.

**SHAUN:** So I am calling on you, the people of the Consortium, to oust these liars and thieves, to support my petition for return, which the Senate will receive shortly, and to celebrate a new age of prosperity and wonder for the Consortium, as one of the Big Seven returns to its previous glory!

## **Lyrebird - Female, 30s (Disguised voice for most of the time)**

*Cold-Blooded, Efficient, Superior*

Lyrebird is the best assassin money can buy right now in the Consortium. She's inspired by characters like Deathstroke and Deadshot: She is ruthlessly efficient and quite superior in her confidence.

She conceals her identity except to those she kills, so she often talks in short sentences to support that.

She is contactable only on a particular radio frequency (she operates only on the capital world of the Consortium Taranis), using security through obscurity to conceal herself in an age of complete information. She has worked with many of the Big Seven companies before, and has an excellent reputation for success.

*Lyrebird is walking around within a starship owned by Shaun Hardcastle.*

**LYREBIRD (voice disguised):** [Raising her voice slightly to allow her to be heard throughout the ship] Hello again, Mr Hardcastle.

I don't know where you are, but it won't take me long to find you on this modest vessel.

[We hear Shaun slap on a respirator, and start to breathe heavily]

**LYREBIRD (voice disguised):** [Voice muffled slightly by the door] Mr. Hardcastle?

[The footsteps are just audible moving towards the door, which opens]

**LYREBIRD (voice disguised):** There's nowhere to hide, Mr-

**SHAUN:** *[Muffled by a breathing mask] Die, you bitch!*

[We hear Shaun slap the emergency Outer Airlock open, and wind rushing away. The ship empties of atmosphere.]

[When the rush of air is over, Shaun looks at Lyrebird, surprised.]

**LYREBIRD (voice disguised):** [Muffled by a breathing mask] Preparation, Mr Hardcastle.

[Lyrebird levels her weapon at Shaun, who is weaponless, as the air returns to the ship]

**LYREBIRD (voice disguised):** [Muffled by a breathing mask] It seems you've been up to no good!

**LYREBIRD (Real Voice):** I told you years ago: Your contact's client anonymity is crap.

**LYREBIRD (Real Voice):** Your son Justin sends his regards.

**Ali - Female, 20s**

*Over-eager, Try Hard, Dutiful*

A relatively new traffic cop who doesn't like to see criminals get away.

She perhaps overreacts to situations when they are extreme and beyond her training – rather than seeing a complex situation as being made up of lots of simple ones, they often seem like insurmountable problems.

**Ali (into her phone, talking in a half-whisper so she isn't heard. Clearly rattled, but attempting to keep an air of professionalism):** This is Constable Ali of East Hill Station making a voice-note at, uh, 2330? I think? I'm currently on Scott Avenue and have just witnessed a car stall. It's the only vehicle moving around here; my bike just croaked. I can identify two individuals, one inside the vehicle, the other outside it, trying to re-start the car. The one outside seems to be hand-cranking the engine.

*The car sputters into life and Assassin leaps back into the car, slamming the door shut behind him as they drive off.*

**Ali (talking a little louder now):** They've succeeded and are moving off. I'm going to-  
*She tries to start her bike but it won't start. She huffs angrily.*

**Ali:** I can't pursue on my bike.

*She runs a little up the street.*

**Ali (as she runs):** It's hard to see without the streetlights but I think the vehicle registration is Indigo Bravo something something something Four Charlie.

*She trips over something metal.*

**Ali (in pain but trying not to be too loud):** Ah! There's a bicycle lying on the street outside number...uuh...I can't see, it's about five doors up from where my bike is.

**Ali:** No-one seems to be around, I'm going to borrow it.

**Schneider – Female, late 30s/40s**

*Professional, Manipulative, Cold*

Schneider is in charge of the police force in the area, but is in fact a plant – she works with the group of assassins deployed in this story.

She's quite good at concealing that fact, and Ali will never know.

However, she's ruthless when it comes to punishing the perceived failure of the assassins.

**Ali (nervous):** *Could this be an attack?*

**Schneider (flat):** Unlikely. An attack would aim for the docks or the hospital; something that would stop the running of the whole city.

**Ali:** *How long till backup gets there?*

**Schneider:** I don't know yet, we can't get hold of anyone.

*Schneider gives a non-committal hum.*

*The phone loses signal quality and we only hear a few short bursts of noise- no discernible words but definitely noises of distress.*

**Schneider:** Ali? Ali? Can you hear me?

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**Schneider (velvety):** If there had been a second officer there you wouldn't have got away.

*A beat. We can hear heavy, frightened breathing from someone else.*

**Schneider:** As it is, one of ours got to the phone before any of the others. The battery was already fried; it wasn't difficult to make sure the memory was wiped too.

*Schneider stops walking. We hear her right next to us.*

**Schneider (soothing):** Little lamb, you know we take care of everything, don't you?

*Schneider turns and walks away, humming 'The Lamb' by Tavener. The breathing intensifies.*

**Schneider (hard):** Take care of it.

*A silenced gunshot.*

## **Chara – any gender, any age**

*Storyteller, “Experienced a lot of life in a year”, Outcast*

*[Note: Chara is quite literally a placeholder name for the character, who will be named depending on the individual cast!]*

It's the post-apocalypse: Angels and Demons have appeared on earth and are battling each other, with little regard to humanity except as a food source!

Chara is a “Forbidden”, a Human who picked up a weapon of Angelic (or Demonic!) origin and mutated as a result. Such individuals are not allowed to exist and will be killed on sight by Angels or Demons, because they have a chance of fighting back. They are rejected by Humanity due to necessity – Angels will kill a settlement if they find a Forbidden there.

Chara's been through a lot in the last few months, since becoming a Forbidden and is telling stories about those experiences to another individual who recently became a Forbidden but is unable to speak (the abilities gained from Remnants often have LARGE downsides).

Chara is a gifted storyteller with the ability to engage people in the stories.

### **Chara:**

What's it like?

It's...

It's a day.

Every day is just that... a day.

There are no weeks, no months.

There are just all of the days that previously happened, and then the day that's currently happening.

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### **Chara:**

The running humans stopped at the well.

They crouched instinctively. Trying to keep out of sight, out of mind, and maybe out of danger. That's good.

An Angel won't care how you stand, but a Demon loves to go after running prey.

I found myself wondering if they'll stay alive long enough for me to reach them this time.

They usually don't.

I detoured through a half-burnt husk of a building filled with books and desks, up some stairs to a balcony on the first floor, overlooking an amount of the park.

Safe, good visibility vantage point. That's a life saver sometimes.

I wasn't too late. They hadn't seen the humans yet.

There aren't too many of them, but they're big, a kind I hadn't seen before.

I wasn't sure whether I could take them.